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HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



The Strange Case of

Reverend William Clark McCoy

Murderer or Minister?

Rumors followed him throughout his life, but he went to his grave without ever giving the answer. Was he a man of the cloth or a notorious outlaw?

Maybe he was both.

Also in this issue: Growing Up In Lincoln Village

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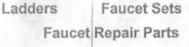
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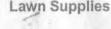
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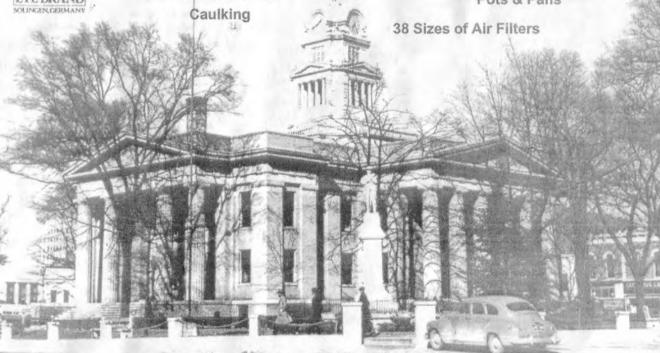
Paint













The Strange Case of Reverend William McCoy

The Civil War was over. Men who had once watched their comrades in arms die on a thousand bloody battlefields were now faced with the task of rebuilding their homes and plowing the fields that had laid fallow for almost five years.

For most men, their service for the Confederacy was a point of pride. Even the lowest private would spend hours rehashing past battles and remembering, and political careers would be built by men with the prefix of Captain or General added to their names.

A few men, however, wanted to forget. They knew that even the mention of their names would make the Yankees start scurrying to place nooses around their necks. The Tennessee Valley, with its strong antiunion sentiment, was a perfect place for such a man to take on a new identity and hide.

One of these men was William Clark McCoy, a Methodist minister who was ordained here in Huntsville. McCoy's life was shrouded in mystery but many

people claimed that during the War he had used another name, a name that become synonymous with bloody massacres and terror. While few people recognized the name McCoy, every one had heard of the other name, William Clark Quantrell.

Our story began in 1857 on the Kansas border. An undeclared border war had been raging for several years between Unionists and Southerners. Bands of outlaws, Union sympathizers calling themselves Redlegs and operating under the guise of patriotism, murdered and pillaged the countryside. In this conflict there was no middle ground, you were either for them or against them. A choice either way made you eligible for a bullet in the back and your home burned to the ground.

It was into this conflict that William Quantrell rode in the summer of 1857. Quantrell was a native of New Jersey whose older brother had moved to Kansas several years earlier. Shortly after Quantrell arrived, the two brothers decided to take a trip to California. The first part of the trip was uneventful and they reached Cottonwood, Kansas to make camp for the night.

Late that evening after supper was finished, a group of Redlegs approached the camp. At first the brothers were not alarmed, as strangers were always welcome in their camp.



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Cathey Carney

Gen. Manager - Ron Eyestone

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Suddenly and without warning, the leader of the group pulled his gun and began firing at the hapless brothers. Quantrell was severely wounded, his brother killed, and all their worldly possessions stolen.

According to legend, Quantrell lay there for three days, near death, until finally an old Shawnee Indian stumbled across the camp, helped bury the older brother and nursed Quantrell back to health.

It took Quantrell almost a year to completely recover his health and the whole time he had but one thing on his mind, vengeance for his dead brother. During this time he listened and learned. He learned that the group of Redlegs that had ambushed him were part of a group operating under the leadership of a notorious guerilla chieftain by the name of Jim Lane.

Quantrell grew a beard, changed his name and began making friends with the guerillas. Now known as Charles Hart, he was quickly accepted as a member of the band of cutthroats. He enrolled in a company that contained all but two of the men who had murdered his brother. Enlisting as a private, he was soon promoted to orderly, and as his leadership skills became evident, was advanced in rank to the position of

sergeant.

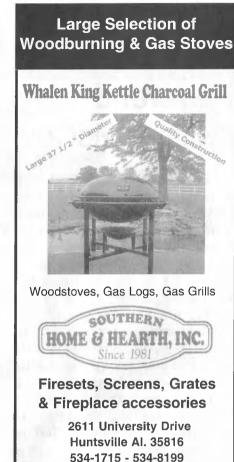
Before long, Redlegs began to mysteriously disappear. First one or two would be found hung, or maybe with a bullet in the back of the head. Then it got to the point where barely a week would go by without another dead body being found. Men began to whisper about the unknown Judas in their midst. Even the bravest men were terrified.

A year after he joined the band, Quantrell was sitting around the campfire one night. One man brought up the story about the time he and a group of other men had ambushed two brothers on Cottonwood River.

"It's a funny thing," said the murderer, "All those men are dead. I'm the only one left alive."

Minutes later another Redleg was on his way to burn in Hell.

William Quantrell was a wanted man now, with a price on his head, dead or alive. Word of his exploits galvanized Kansas and Missouri and it wasn't long before he began attracting recruits for his own private army. Jesse and Frank James, their homes having been burned by the Redlegs, joined as did Kit Dalton, Cole Younger and many other young men thirsting for vengeance.







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sisted that Quantrell was commissioned a Colonel in the Confederate Army. This, however, is highly unlikely due to his tactics. Quantrell's army, fighting under the black flag, did not take prisoners.

His most infamous deed was the August 21, 1863 raid on Lawrence, Kansas, where he and 273 of his men captured the city and put one hundred and fifty of its citizens to death.

On May 10, 1865, Quantrell and his men took cover from an afternoon thunderstorm in a barn belonging to a Mr. Wakefield. Coming from the opposite direction was a column of 120 union soldiers commanded by Captain Edward Terrell. The union soldiers, seeing the fresh footprints leading to the barn, decided to investigate.

Immediately shots rang out. During the furious gun battle, most of Quantrell's men were able to make an escape, leaving only five men behind, two wounded and three dead. Captain Terrell, upon questioning the two wounded men, was shocked to hear one of the men confess his identity as that of William Clark Quantrell.

The man purporting to be Quantrell was badly wounded. He had suffered gunshots to the shoulder and in addition suffered a broken back. It was obvious the man was mortally wounded and would soon die.

"Please," said the man.

"Leave me here to die in peace."

After checking the man's wounds, the union captain agreed to the wounded man's request. Calling for his men to mount up, the officer led his men back to town, satisfied that he had caused the end of Quantrell. Unfortunately, his commanding officer was not as happy.

Angry at the fact that his men had left Quantrell to die in peace, the Commander sent another squad of soldiers to recover the fallen chieftain. By most established reports, Quantrell died about two weeks later of his wounds while being held prisoner in Louisville, Kentucky. Before dying he was supposed to have been converted to the Catholic faith and made a full confession. His remains were buried in a local graveyard with no marker.

The burial marked the beginning of a mystery that continues to this day. No one that had ever known Quantrell stepped forward to identify the body. The only proof the soldiers had was the wounded man's own statement. Even the confession and the account that he had converted to the Catholic faith began to lose credence once it was pointed out that William Clark Quantrell was a Methodist.

Even the local newspapers hesitated to identify the person as being Quantrell. The Louisville Times, May 14, 1865, reported:

"Captain Twirl and his com-

pany arrived here yesterday from Taylorsville. They brought with them the guerilla who bears the name "Quantrell". It is not the Quantrell of Kansas notoriety, for we have been assured that he was at last account a colonel in the rebel army under Price. This prisoner was shot through the body in a fight in a barn near Taylorsville on Wednesday last. Five others were killed at the barn but what their names are we have not been able to ascertain. The prisoner brought here is confined to the prison hospi-

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tal and is in a dying condition."

Adding further to the confusion is a newspaper article dated June 7, 1865 that throws the whole question of a confession into doubt.

"It will be remembered that a guerilla calling himself William Clark, captain in the Fourth Missouri Rebel Calvary, but generally supposed to be the infamous monster "Quantrell", was wounded and captured on the 10th of May and placed in the military hospital of this city. He died of his wounds yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock".

If Quantrell had really confessed, why did the paper still identify him by the name William Clark and state that "he was generally supposed to be Quantrell?"

And so, for lack of a better answer, the military authorities buried an unidentified body and wrote a finish to the bloody chapter of William Clark Quantrell. Or so they thought. When Quantrell's mother had the body exhumed to move it to a family plot, the corpse was discovered to have red hair. Quantrell's hair was black.

Almost two years later, our story takes another bizarre twist. A young man by the name of William Clark McCoy appeared as a Methodist circuit rider in the Tennessee Valley. No one knew where he came from, or anything

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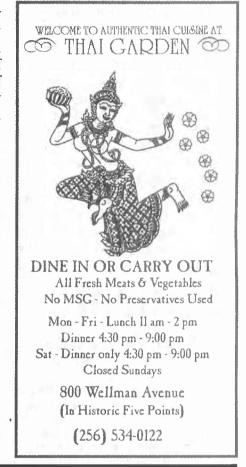
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about his past, except that he had the approval of several Methodist bishops who had supposedly encouraged him to move to Huntsville. According to the few details given at the time, McCoy was supposed to have been an ex-soldier who had served briefly with Quantrell and then later joined Stonewall Jackson's army as a courier. At the end of the war he learned there was a reward offered for members Quantrell's band, so instead of returning home, he made his way to Alabama where he became a minister.

A search of all the records would later reveal no William Clark McCoy serving with Quantrell or Jackson. Even more confusing was the fact that years later his wife, before her death, admitted there was a \$50,000 reward offered for the capture of her husband. Quantrell was the only member of his group who had a price on his head at the end of the war.

Rumors surrounded McCoy as to his real identity from almost the first day he moved to the valley. Both he and Quantrell were the same height and weight, both had the same first names - William Clark, both had the first

joint of their little finger missing and while McCoy had became a Methodist minister, Quantrell had taught at an eastern Methodist college. Even more telling was the fact that the only family member McCoy ever talked about was his brother whom he





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said had been killed by the Yankees. Quantrell's brother had been bushwhacked by the Yankees.

Although rumors of McCoy's past life were widespread in the Tennessee Valley, surprisingly, no one at the time thought it was strange that the man once known as "Bloody Quantrell" was now seeking salvation through religion.

McCoy became an active worker in the Methodist Church, riding horseback over a wide circuit and ministering to small churches. One of the anecdotes about McCoy handed down through generations had to do with him helping raise money for a church. The church was having a picnic along with games and contests. One of the contests was a shooting match with the



winner receiving a freshly baked apple pie. Unfortunately, even with the low entrance fee of ten cents, the contest did not generate much interest.

Some of the local men, having heard the rumor of Quantrell being in their midst, and noticing the brace of pistols he wore underneath his coat, appealed to McCoy to try his luck. Maybe, they thought, if the crowd saw him entering the contest it would encourage other men to do the same. At first McCoy refused but after many appeals to his charitable nature he finally agreed.

The crowd grew silent as he approached the firing line. Twelve bottles sitting in a row at a distance of thirty paces formed the target. Slowly he pulled one pistol and after carefully taking aim. hit the first bottle dead center. The second shot came a few seconds later and another bottle disappeared. As the gun began to feel comfortable in McCoy's hand again, the crowd watched with amazement as his body went into a crouch, firing at the bottles so rapidly that it was impossible to tell one shot from the next. Moving so fast that his hand seemed to be a blur, he dropped the empty pistol and drew the other one as bottle after bottle exploded into thousands of pieces of glass.



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- 1. Why is it Named That? Stories behind 250 place names in Huntsville & Madison County by Dex Nilsson \$13.95
- 2. Scenic North Alabama
 A travel guide to canyons, caverns, bridges (natural & covered) and waterfalls by Robert Schuffert \$27.95
- **3.** Murder in the Heart of Dixie, Capital murder cases in Madison Cty. by Fred Simpson & Jacque Gray \$29.95
- **4**. Huntsville Then And Now: A Walk Through Downtown. Over 700 old & new photos by Fred B. Simpson, \$19.95.
- **5.** Welcome to Big Cove, The history of Big Cove by William Sibley \$40
- **6.** Old Huntsville Photo Albums on CD Rom. Vols I, II and III. Hundreds of black/white photos of Old Huntsville \$15.95 each.
- **7.** The Story of Bushwhacker Johnston, The Civil War in North Alabama, \$19.95
- **8.** *More Than Conquerors.* Romance & history in Yankee-occupied Huntsville, by Kay Cornelius \$12.95
- **9.** Kathryn Tucker Windham's videos, ghosts/Southern superstitions/cooking stories. \$20 each
- **10.** *Inside Alabama: A Personal History,* by Harvey H. Jackson III \$26.95

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Whitesburg at Bob Wallace Huntsville, Ala. 35801 People later said that after McCoy had finished firing, he stood there for a long minute, staring at the spot where the targets had stood, and as he slowly turned around to leave, reached down and unbuckled his gun belt, letting it fall to the ground. Though he later taught all of his children to become expert marksmen, and gave occasional shooting demonstrations, he never strapped on a gun belt again.

During this time McCoy had been ordained as an elder in the Methodist church here in Huntsville. According to legend, when McCoy signed the notice appointing him as minister, he used the name William Clark Quantrell. The Bishop then penciled in the name "W. C. McCoy" and kept the papers in his personal collection.

Word of his eloquence began to reach the church superiors and in almost an unbelievably short period of time he began to advance in his newly chosen career. Besides serving in the pulpit of churches in Guntersville, Birmingham, and Decatur, he was appointed the editor of the "Christian Advocate" in 1886. This too raised suspicions in



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many people's minds who knew that Quantrell had once taught English at a Methodist college.

Despite the good work that McCoy was doing, rumors persisted about the Quantrell connection. Neighbors and friends tried to get an answer from him, but McCoy, a man of God, refused to give any information about his past. As his children began to grow older they also heard the rumors. In attempts to learn the truth, his children questioned him about where he grew up. He refused to talk about it. They asked him about his family and again he would not talk. Finally, exasperated, they asked him if he really was Quantrell.

McCoy, by this time one of the most respected ministers in Alabama, refused to either confirm or deny the stories.

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The sons had heard the rumors about their father being Quantrell and had also learned that Quantrell had a tattoo of an Indian maiden on his left forearm. Their father, however, always refused to take his shirt off. Even in the hottest part of the summer he refused to roll up his sleeves. One hot August day McCoy and his sons were working in a field next to a cool flowing creek. Late that afternoon the boys suggested a dip in the water to cool off. "Go ahead," McCov said, "I'll be along directly."

After the boys had finished their refreshing dip, they dressed and went in search of their father, who in the meantime had disappeared. Walking down the creek they found their father with his shirt off, bathing in the creek. Seeing the tattoo of an Indian maiden on their father's left forearm, the boys began to ask questions.

McCoy, highly agitated, quickly put on his shirt and told the boys, "Now listen to me, you

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haven't seen a thing, not a thing, you understand!"

One evening while he was still a pastor at Haney's Chapel near Guntersville, he read in the newspaper that Frank James was being held prisoner in the Huntsville jail. Summoning his brother-in-law to accompany him, he told his wife, "I must go to Huntsville and see Frank James."

After arriving in Huntsville they quickly received permission to talk with the prisoner. The Huntsville city jailer at that time and McCoy's brother-in-law both verified what happened next.

As the door to the cell opened, Frank James was sitting on an army cot idly glancing through a book. Looking up and seeing that he had visitors, he started to speak, and then fell

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silent with a look of astonishment on his face. "Bill", James cried out, "Everyone said you were dead!"

McCoy asked the other men to step outside so they might speak privately. Again, true to his character, he refused to ever reveal what they talked about. Later, when his wife questioned him, McCoy simply chuckled and replied that James had said, "If you can become a preacher, anyone can."

The years wore on and more people stepped forward claiming that Reverend McCoy was really Quantrell. He finally admitted to knowing and having been friends with Jesse and Frank James, the Younger brothers and numerous other members of the outlaw band but he still refused to give an answer to the question that was on everyone's mind.

In the late 1880s an attempt was made on his life by an ex-Union soldier who had served with the Redlegs in Kansas. McCoy escaped untouched and later refused to bring charges against the would-be assassin who quickly left town. Many people thought McCoy simply wanted to avoid a trial where the truth might finally be revealed.

In 1891 William Clark McCov died in Decatur, Ala. His children, knowing that their father kept a collection of old papers, wanted to settle the matter of who he really was once and for all. They were too late. Their mother, upon his death, had burned the papers. While she readily admitted that McCov was not his real name and that there had been a \$50,000 reward for his capture, she refused to reveal his real name.

"I made your father a promise to never talk about it," was all she had to say.

McCoy's children grandchildren, some of whom went on to become noted professors, judges and pastors, have

traveled thousands of miles. spent untold hours pouring over old records and interviewed countless people in order to establish a genealogical record of their family. In all of their research, the only thing they could establish was that no such person as William Clark McCoy existed before 1866. The only records are those that he chose to give. Even these records present a puzzle. In the course of twenty years, he listed four different places of birth and four different birthdays.

Was the quiet-spoken Methodist preacher really the bloodthirsty William Clark Quantrell? Although his family believes it to be so, possibly no one will ever be able to prove it conclusively.

The one thing that we can be certain of is that his name was not William Clark McCov.



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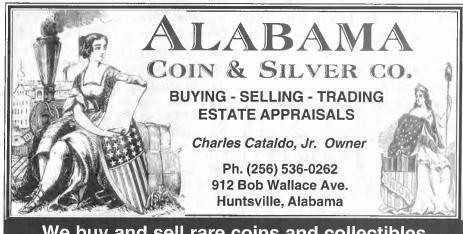
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Newark: A women was reporting her car stolen and mentioned there was a car phone in it. The policeman taking the report called the phone, and told the guy that answered that he had read an ad in the newspaper and wanted to buy the car. They arranged to meet, and the thief was arrested.

Arkansas: Seems this guy wanted some beer pretty badly. He decided that he'd just throw a cinder block through a liquor store window, grab some booze, and run. So he lifted the cinder block and heaved it over his head at the window. The block bounced back and hit the wouldbe thief on the head, knocking him unconscious. Seems the liquor store window was made of Plexi-Glass. The whole event was caught on videotape.

Writers

Send us your stories to be published in Old Huntsville. Stories must be about Huntsville and have factual basis. Please do not send original manuscripts. Send your stories to:

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Seattle: When a man attempted to siphon gasoline from a motor home parked on a Seattle street, he got much more than he bargained for. Police arrived at the scene to find an ill man curled up next to a motor home near near spilled sewage. A police spokesman said that the man admitted to trying to steal gasoline and plugged his hose into the motor home's sewage tank by mistake.

Ann Arbor: The Ann Arbor news crime column reported that a man walked in to a Burger King in Ypsilanti, Michigan at 7:50am, flashed a gun and demanded cash. The clerk turned him down because he said he couldn't open the cash register without a food order. When the man ordered onion rings, the clerk said they weren't available for breakfast. The man, very agitated, walked away.

New York: As a female shopper left a neighborhood convenience store, a man grabbed her purse and ran. The clerk called 911 immediately and the woman was able to give them a detailed description of the snatcher. Within minutes, the police had apprehended the snatcher. They put him in the cruiser and drove back to the store. The thief was then told to stand there for a positive ID, to which he replied in a very contrite manner, "Yes, Officer... that's her. That's the lady I stole the purse from."

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Old Huntsville Trivia

1808 Madison County is formed. There are 2,555 people living in the County at the time.

1815 Dr. William H. Glascow founds the town of Manchester about half mile above the three forks of Flint River. The town later becomes a ghost town as people move away. Today it's cotton fields.

1817 The first church in Huntsville in built. No records exist as to what denomination it was.

1817 Physicians gather at Talbots Inn on the East Side of the Square to discuss an outbreak of smallpox.

Among measures talked about was the proposal to place armed guards on roads leading into town to prohibit strangers from bringing the disease to Huntsville.

1821 The first mail robbery in Madison County occurs when the carrier to Bennett's store is robbed. Among the items stolen were the carrier's shoes.

1876 New rates are posted for city supplied water. The rates were \$1 for a family of less than 3, and \$8 for a family of 3 to 5.

Court News From 1875

* Three residents of Huntsville did not fare too well at the last court held here. G. L. Davis and H. L. Brown became entangled over a two dollar note that Davis was said to have lost on a horse racing bet, and which Albert Jolly had won. The entanglement cost them twenty dollars each, with the police being called.

* Wm. Humphrey assaulted and attempted to batter Robt. West,

for which he paid five dollars and costs.

* Miss Ida Springfield made a sling shot of one of her stockings, putting a rock in it. With this dangerous weapon she went for Miss Maggie May and paid three dollars for the experience.

* John Bason was found innocent of assaulting T

* John Bacon was found innocent of assaulting T. D. Russell with a baked chicken at a local hotel. Observors say Russell was intoxicated at the time and demanded immediate service from the hotel staff. Bacon, a waiter, obliged him.

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Great Things Can Be Accomplished By Ordinary People

by William F. Carter

From Westlawn, my little community in southwest Huntsville, a surprising number of my neighbors have become famous.

Although this is an area of small houses dating back to World War II, some of them built from Redstone Arsenal packing crates, a number of people have distinguished themselves. The next-door neighbor I played with as a child is now Senator Tom Butler. Until his mother passed away a few days ago, he still came over to mow her lawn from time to time. He was obviously a man

with a good heart. That heart almost failed him at one time, and he had a near-death experience, but God needed him, and sent him to do more good work.

At the death of my own father, T. J. Carter, who was a chemist at Redstone, a professor, and a well-loved church elder, Tom Butler sent a commemorative certificate honoring his good citizenship. T. J. was also state checker champion, another feather in Westlawn's cap. My father came from beginnings so humble that he used to wash test tubes for ten cents an hour, but produced a son who also became a professor and department chairman at a Connecticut university, as well as a Bible teacher.

Behind Tom Butler lived James Ashworth, the brother of Ernest Ashworth, a well-known

country singer. Another notable neighbor was Alton Delmore, who lived right across the street. He and his brother were pioneers of country music who wrote "Beautiful Brown Eyes," along with many other songs. They were written up in a recent issue of Old Huntsville. My big brother, Tom, used to play with Alton's son, Lionel, who is now in the Tuscumbia Country Music Hall of Fame.

Delmore lived Junior Height, who later became very wealthy. On three sides of my house lived famous people.

Westlawn is a community with a lot of self-respect, where people have worked hard all their lives. They have a lot to be proud of. It was almost bull-dozed when the new highway came through, but they were respected as a community of longstanding residents, and we were spared. So be kind to your neighbors. You never know who they might become! (Or who you might become!)

That brings me to my favorite saying:

"Great things can be accomplished by ordinary people who don't give up."







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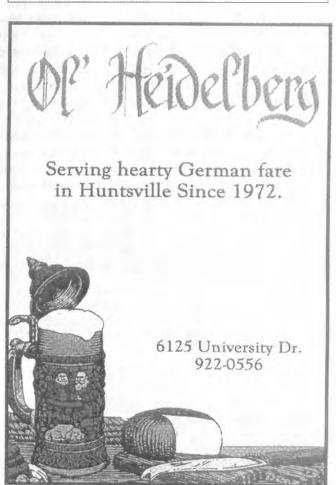




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Heard On The Street

by Cathey Carney

Huntsville is so beautiful and fresh this time of year, with some trees blooming and daffodils everywhere. It just makes you feel good to get out and take a walk.

Congratulations to Stella Camp, of Hartlex Antique Mall and Bill Stevens, who is in the real estate development business, for guessing John Shaver of Shaver's Bookstore, as the little boy in last month's photo.

We saw our good friend Sheriff **Blake Dorning** recently. He is one of the nicest people you would ever meet.

Congratulations to **WAFF Channel 48** on 50 years in Huntsville!

Billy Joe Cooley stopped by the office recently for a visit. If you've never heard him spin yarns before you've really missed a treat.

Our friends **Edna** and **Dub Pierce have moved to Orange Beach**, Florida, where they are basking in the hot sun! We sure do miss you! Edna's mama lives in Mobile, and is, believe it or not, 106 years old!

District 5 City Councilman Glenn Watson has opened up campaign headquarters on University Drive and tells all of his supporters to come by and see him. He's going to be a busy man until the elections this fall. He's going to be up against **Isaiah Ashe** for the council seat.

A big hello to **Nathan Roden** who works at Longhorn and DirectTV. His Mom (**LeeAnn** of Furniture Factory fame) is sure proud of him!

Gerald Scruggs recently lost his grandfather, Moses Scruggs who was 89 when he died in February. We send out sympathy out to the family, we know you miss him so much.

The race for **District 5** school board is certainly getting crowded. We hear rumors that **Eddgra Hill Fallin** and **Weldon Ragland** may be running against **David Blair** for the seat on the school board. They're good candidates and will do a good job.

Saw **Hall Bryant** the other day, I swear that man gets better lookin' every day! It was interesting to find out that **Donna Hays** and **Hall's** families were good friends in Auburn.

We were so sorry to hear that

ENFINGER

DEVELOPMENT

Emmett Boylan lost his wife **Sue** recently. Our love goes out to the family.

Dan and Dawn Schmit are getting used to getting up at all hours in the night with the arrival of their twins, Jacob and Jeremy. Here from Chicago to help out for a while are Dan's parents, Donald and Phyllis Schmit - they were here years ago and remember visiting Aunt Eunice to get a Liar's License.

Friends of **Ed Eva** were saddened by his death in mid-January - there were so many people who will miss him dearly.

We hear **Tommy Huskey** recently bought himself a model train set to play with. It's built ti scale and he's working on railroad tracks now!

Remember our pal **Sal Vizzini**? He is currently living on his farm near Stella, Tennessee, with his wife **Ann**, where he farms, tends cattle, and rehabilitates birds of prey that have been injured.

Well, the next mayor's race is

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really heating up. We hear that **Parker Griffith** is already running ads on television and **Mary Jane Caylor** has a big billboard on the Parkway. Even so, **Loretta** is going to be hard to beat!

Five Points residents can't wait for 2 new restaurants being developed by CityScapes, in the old **Zesto's** location. One restaurant will specialize in seafood and it'll be called **Starfish**, the other one, **Sazio's** (means "Pleasantly Filled with Food") will feature Mediteranean-style food for lunch and dinner with a casual atmosphere. There will also be a take-out window for dipdogs, ice cream, etc.

A special hello to our friend **Cliff Hill**, he's sure a sweet man.

Robert Shanklin has thrown his hat in the ring to run against District 1 City Councilman Richard Showers. That might be a race to watch.

We were so sorry to learn about the death of **Bonnie**, the wife of **Frank Bowman**. We know she will be missed.

We saw **Arvie Elledge** recently at Morningside and he's just as fiesty as ever! He and **Robert Martin** like to get together and talk about old times.

Pulitzer prize winner **Rick Bragg** was in town recently signing books at a local bookstore.

He's an interesting guy and is currently working on a book about **Jessica Lynch**.

A big hello to our friends **Jan** and **Howard Camp**!

We were so sorry to learn about **Ruth Record** who recently suffered a stroke. She is currently in rehab in Atlanta where her son lives. Come back soon!

Our dear friend, **Lee (Bubba) Lanier**, called to tell us he has moved to Florida. He worked for Hewlett Packard for over 25 years and says he's going to be a beach bum now - at least for a while!

We had alot of birthdays in March. Dean Graves, Mark

Anderson (who claims to be 29), and Joby Rains. Those were just a few. Then we heard that Amy Lemley, daughter of Bill and Mary Nell Cole, will be marrying Bo Randall Bailey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Randall Bailey, in the warm month of May.

A big hello to our good friend **Curtis Hall** who is the best banjo picker in the whole wide world, including New Market, too. When he's not picking a banjo he sells Lexus automobiles at the **Hunts-ville Autoplex** on University Drive. Stop by and see him if you're nearby.

We were so sorry to hear about the death of **Judge Green**. He was really a good man who made a difference in so many people's lives.

Our buddy **Ralph Gipson** visited one of the casinos in Mississippi recently. We heard he helped pay their utility bill.

We saw **Bud Cramer** recently. Looks like Congress has put a few more gray hairs on his head but he sure is doing a great job for us.

Well, that's all for now. Just remember how lucky we are to be living in Huntsville, Alabama!

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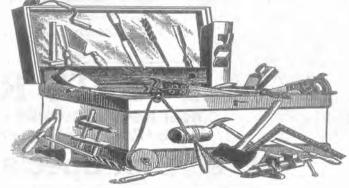
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Rice Krispies Easter Eggs

1 c. sugar

1 c. crunchy peanut butter

2 c. Rice Krispies

2 T. vegetable oil

1/2 t. vanilla extract

Mix all ingredients together and mold into eggs. Place on cookie sheet and freeze 2 hours. Dip in chocolate coating and cool on waxed paper.

Honey Cola Ham

12-lb. pre-cooked ham 2-3 liters Coca Cola Whole cloves Clove honey Corn syrup

Prepare ham by placing it in a deep steaming pan with rack. Pour the soda over the ham up to the middle of the ham. Simmer slowly for 3 hours. Ham will look caramelized. Remove ham and place on cooling rack for 10

minutes. Brush with honey, Score ham with sharp knife and pierce with whole cloves. Brush again with honey and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Fresh Apple Easter Cake

1/2 c. chopped walnuts

1 18-oz. pkg. spice cake mix

1 (4-serving size) instant vanilla pudding

4 eggs

1/2 c. vegetable oil

1/2 c. cold water

3 Braeburn or Granny Smith noodles apples 1 c. 1

1 c. golden raisins Powdered sugar

Sprinkle nuts in bottom of greased tube pan and set aside. Mix cake mix, pudding mix, eggs, oil and water in bowl - mix at medium speed til well blended. Peel, core and coarsely chop the apples, stir them into cake mix.

apples, stir them into cake mix. Add raisins and pour into tube pan. Bake for 55-65 minutes at

325 degrees and a toothpick inserted in the cake comes out clean. Cool in pan for 15 minutes, invert onto rack and cool. Sprinkle with powdered sugar before serving - great with homemade whipped cream!

Easter Nests

1 7-oz jar marshmallow cream

1/4 c. creamy peanut butter

2 T. butter, melted

1 5-oz. can chow mein noodles

1 c. pastel M&M's

Confectioner's sugar

In a mixing bowl, beat marshmallow cream, peanut butter and butter til smooth. Fold in the noodles and M&M's. Chill til easy to handle.

On waxed paper, form mixture by 1/3 cupfuls into 3-inch nests. Chill for 30 minutes, place several more M&M's in each nest.

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Angel Food Candy

1 c. sugar

1 c. dark corn syrup

1 T. vinegar

1 T. baking soda

1 lb. chocolate almond bark. melted

In a heavy saucepan combine the sugar, corn syrup and vinegar. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly til sugar dissolves. Cook without stirring til the teamperature reaches 300 (hard crack stage) on a candy thermometer. Be careful and don't overcook. Remove from heat and quickly stir in baking soda. Pour into a buttered 13x9" baking pan. When cool, break into bitesize pieces. Dip into melted chocolate, place on waxed paper til the chocolate is firm. Store candy tightly covered.

Easter Morning Breakfast

1 lb. sausage

4 T. chopped onions

4 T. chopped bell pepper

6 eggs

1/2 c. sour cream

Brown sausage, onions and bell pepper in oil in skillet, drain. Line baking dish with 3/4 of the sausage mixture. Combine eggs and sour cream, season to taste. Pour over the sausage mixture. Bake at 350 degrees til eggs are semi-set. Stir egg mixture and top with remaining sausage. Bake til eggs are firm.

Easter Hash Browns

2-lb. package frozen hashbrowns

1 can cream of chicken soup

1 c. chopped scallions

1 lb. sour cream

8 oz. grated Cheddar cheese Optional:

1 stick melted butter

Crushed potato chips for top-

ping

Mix all ingredients and save some cheese for topping. Cover with foil and refrigerate overnight. Remove cover and bake at 375 degrees for 45-60 minutes.

Suger-free Easter Fudge

1 sq. unsweetened chocolate 1/4 c. evaporated milk

1/2 t. vanilla extract

1 t. Splenda (sweetener)

1 pkg. no sugar vanilla or chocolate pudding

8 t. finely chopped nuts

Melt chocolate in microwave for minute or so, add evaporated milk and mix. Cook 2-3 minutes, add vanilla and Splenda. Spread on small foil pie pan or plate. Chill, Cut into 8 pieces. Form into egg-shaped balls and roll lightly in pudding mix or nuts.

Easter Strawberry Pie

1 graham cracker pie shell 1 c. milk, scalded 12 marshmallows, chopped 1 c. thick cream

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1/2 c. chopped nuts 2 c. crushed strawberries

Add marshmallow pieces to the scalded milk, let cool to lukewarem. Whip cream and blend into the milk mixture, fold in nuts & berries, pour into shell and chill for 8-12 hours.



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Growing Up in Lincoln Village

James Larry Wilburn

Some time ago, I began jotting down little items I can remember of my life. I continue to do that. However, I will limit myself here to that part dealing with growing up in Lincoln Village and Huntsville. I would treat these words as a little suspect-Why? I am no longer sure about some events. Is what I remember accurate or have I incorporated some of my dreams and even come to believe them myself?

At any rate, I was born January 1940, in Lincoln Village at 150 Rison Street. I am told that there was a big snow on the ground that day, but I can't seem to remember it. I've already told you that my memory isn't what it once was. Once I could remember things that never happened. Now I can't remember things that did!!

Keep the address of 150 Rison Street in mind because it plays a very significant part in this story. I spent a lot of time here and it is one of my favorite places and fondest memories. Lincoln Village.

you:

square, gray, concrete duplex mill-village row house which once belonged to the Lincoln Textile Mills. There are two six-room apartments in each building. On each side there were six rooms, three up and three down. Running water, none hot, and no bath. In the winter, that running cold water was REALLY cold!

We all bathed in an old galvanized washtub. All four of us kids, Buddy, Jimmy, Gilda, and me. Whoever got to go first or second did all right, the water was reasonably clean. Don't think we changed the water for four kids. Not only did it get progressively dirtier, but progressively colder!

The toilet was on the back porch, not a place I looked for-

ward to visiting in the dark of night or cold of winter. The front porch ran three quarters across the front of the building, had a three foot high cecasement ment around it (we called it a banister) with a nice flat top you could sit on. I spent many an enjoyable hour sitting on this porch either listening to the adults talk or telling lies myself. You came

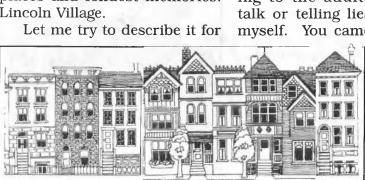
up cement steps to reach the porch and enter the building. As you entered the front door you were in the living room, the stairs





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to upstairs bedrooms on your right, a fireplace against the far wall and door to the "middle room" on the right. In the middle room was the old Warm Morning coal stove. Next was the kitchen, wood/coal stove on the left. Table on the right and icebox in the far right corner. The sink was in the left corner and the back door was pretty much centered in the room.

That was the down stairs. Upstairs were three bedrooms front, middle, and back. From the center of the ceiling of each room hung an electrical cord with a light fixture. These were the only electrical fixtures. There were no wall sockets. Anything electrical was connected to these fixtures. Running down from these were extension cords (or as Mamma Young called them "Drop Cords," probably because they dropped from the ceiling cord. Next door and adjoining was 152 Rison and it was identical. The Cavender's, Kate, the man she later married, Reubin Moore, Son Billy, and daughters Bertha and Barbara, lived at 152. The building was raised some four feet off the ground. Most people had this area walled in and kept their firewood and coal under the house. Some, including my Grandfather, also used this area to brew a little homebrew.

Across the street was

149/151 Rison Street. The Morrisons (Evelyn, Freddy, Ronnie and parents) in 149 and Tuckers (Patsy and parents) in 151. Directly behind the row of buildings across the street from us was the Lincoln Mill. Next door to us, on the right if you are facing the street, were the Christie's and the Hosch's, Pearly, Elmer, and "Its". "Its" real name was Farrel or Ferrel but his Momma always referred to him as "Its". I honestly don't remember a lot about the Christies. other than one of their cousins was Billy Christie! Directly across from them were the Hovis's (Ida Ruth and Bobby) and the Cash's (Tiny and Lillian). In the building to our left were the Lanes and Elliotts. Directly across from them were the Woods (Booger, Booger and Booger) and my Great Aunt Cora Wilbourn.

That back porch toilet and under the building wood and

coal bin grayed my hair early. Man, that was some scary place for a spooky little kid. Especially when you knew "Puny Seaton"



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might be out there. After dark, you hit the back door fast, made the turn on the back porch and into the john, and locked the door almost in one movement. Quick!! - Before Puny could get you. Then you had to sit inside the john and wonder if Ol' Puny was just outside the door waiting for you to come out!

Then there were the times you would hear those dreaded words when Daddy Young said, "Boy, we need some coal, get the bucket and go get it." He never asked for coal in the daylight... Only after dark. You had to go down the back stairs, around the side of the house and under the house. Man, It was dark under there.

You know, I never saw Puny Seaton. Wouldn't know him if he grabbed me. Just heard my Aunts talk about him. Knew he was supposed to be crazy. If he was supposed to have been such a threat— Why was he called "PUNY"? Beats me, but I can tell you that just the mention of his name could put the neighborhood kids into flight. There was

always the game with my little brother Jim. During those warm summer nights, we would be out in the Playground — Buddy, Jimmy, me, Ronny and Freddy Morrison, Bobby Hovis and who knows who else when one of us would yell "Here comes Puny Seaton" and make a dash for the house. Strangely enough Jimmy always seemed to get there first. When scared - he was quick!

At the end of Rison Street was an embankment with the railroad track on top. Many a night I dropped off to sleep to the lonesome wail of the old Joe Wheeler and the clackety-clack, clacketyclack of the wheels as he rolled past not a hundred yards up the street. We spent a lot of time on that embankment during the summers. We would slide down the embankment on pieces of cardboard. Dozens of kids yelling and screaming, sliding willynilly down the hillside. That hillside got a workout. Strangely enough, that hillside is not so high today. One other thing we would do was put a penny on the rail when the train was coming.

After the train had run over it, that penny was a good two inches across. The train really flattened it. We played all along that railroad.

Up to the left, along side the Mill was a sorta wild, overgrown area. Had a little stream running down it. Couldn't have been more that six or eight inches wide.

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When we were playing there and got thirsty, we just drank out of that little stream. You know, I wouldn't doubt that the little stream was part of the sewer from the Mill! We survived! Don't notice or recall any ill effects - of course someone from outside the family might have noticed something!

That railroad embankment and track formed a dividing line, as it separated Lincoln from Dallas. What was Dallas? Another Mill Village. Lincoln kids fought Dallas kids! Why? Because they were from Dallas! Crossing that railroad track was entering enemy territory! I don't recall ever having a friend from Dallas until I went to Huntsville Junior High. I was surprised that they were no different than us Lincoln folks. They didn't have horns, or tails, or smell bad.

There was another village in West Huntsville. It was the Shoe Factory village but we called it 'Booger Town". I still don't know why it was Booger Town, only that it was. The village is still there, or at least some of the old mill houses, but the mill itself is long gone. I think old Benton McCalister lived in Booger Town. He was a friend of mine who spent a lot of weekends and summers with Booger Woods. Wonder what ever happened to ol' Benton?

Strange the things you remember. Like sitting there on the curb with Elmer, Farrel, and a couple of other people while the adults put milk caps or nickels on a telephone pole and shot at them with a 22 rifle. Milk caps -You don't know what they are either, do you? Way back then, you got your milk in glass bottles no cardboard cartons or plastic jugs - they came with cardboard plugs or metal caps on the bottles - these were "milk caps." I can remember digging out the lead from those outings. We would sometimes build small fires and melt the lead in tin cans. Sometimes I chewed the lead. Perhaps that is why I am somewhat slow-witted today. All that lead poisoning. Can you imagine sitting out on a neighborhood curb shooting at a post today? No, today folks are out shooting at each other and with much bigger guns than a 22.

That brings to mind one of the things I remember about the end of World War II. The shooting! I was outside playing when Rison Street went bonkers! The men were shooting rifles and pis-

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tols into the air, yelling, whooping, and screaming for joy. They were all yelling "the war is over." I went inside and told Mother but she didn't believe me. The jubilation in the streets on that day is still a pretty good memory.

One other things that comes to mind is Dr. Pepper! One of the radio stations, this was before TV, had a contest. If they stopped by and checked your Ice Box, for every Dr. Pepper you had in there, you got a brand new silver dollar. Daddy Young kept a case of Dr. Pepper in the Ice Box. He really got upset if you drank one of his Dr. Peppers. Can't tell when the Dr. Pepper man might stop by. In all the years I can remember. I don't recall ever hearing of Daddy Young winning a single silver dollar. Ah well, we had that case of Dr. Peppers!

Ice Box! You probably don't know what an Ice Box is. An Ice Box is now a refrigerator only you had to buy ice to put inside to keep things cold. The ice went

into the top. There was a drip pan at the bottom to catch the water from the melting ice. You had to empty that drip pan regularly or you had a wet floor. You see, that is something else you have missed. The Ice Wagon. Yep, a horse-drawn wagon carrying large blocks of ice. If you wanted ice, you put a cardboard sign in your window, which indicated 10, 25, 50 or 100 pounds of ice. The amount was cut from 100pound blocks and brought into the house for the Ice Box. There was even a special set of iron tongs made to carry the ice (I sometimes see these at antique shops or dangling from the ceiling of Cracker Barrell). As kids, we loved chasing that wagon during the summer to grab pieces of ice to eat. That old ice wagon always had a crowd of barefoot kids trailing behind.

Since I am on things like the ice wagon, there was also the apple car. There was this huge fat man who drove around in a

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Model A Ford filled with apples. I can't remember his name or even if it was a Model A, Model T, or whatever. Just that it was an old old car filled with apples. We always chased that car begging for apples.

There was another thing I remember from Lincoln. Margarine. Yep! Oleo! Sometimes it was fun and sometimes it was a pain in the butt. You see, when we got the margarine, it was in a soft plastic bag. It was pure white. On the plastic bag was a small blister of color. What we got to do was mash that blister and then massage that color through the margarine until it was all nice and buttery yellow. Boy! Kids today miss a lot of the good fun we had back in the "Olden Days."

Another thing that has always been funny for me to remember is that Momma Young or Daddy Young would send me to the store to get "Arsch Potatoes." That's exactly what they said and what I asked for when I went to the Mill Store - Arsch potatoes. I was in the Army before I found out that what I was ordering was "Irish potatoes." Going to that store was always fun. We put everything on Daddy Young's bill. Every week he would pay on it or pay it off. We kids would always collect empty soda bottles to take to the store for money. Back then you paid a deposit on the bottles and when you took it back you got the two or three cents deposit for each bottle. For a while there we got really smart. We would steal the bottles from

the back of the store and take them around front and collect the deposit. The store manager finally got smart and started locking them up.

Do you by any chance have a shirt, skirt, blouse or dress made from flour sacks? No? Well then you don't know what you have missed. Yes, "Mother's Best" or even "Martha White" - Flour! You know, that stuff you make biscuits out of! Yeah. It came in 5, 25, 50 pounds and larger sacks - cloth sacks. Sorta nice

material sacks. But sacks neverthe-less. Folks would use the flour, open the sacks and use the material to make clothes and other things. I know, there is the old story about the lady wearing a nice floral dress and that when she turned around there was "Mother's Best" printed across her buns. Is it true? I doubt it. As I remember it, the Brand and all the other information was printed on paper, which was glued to the material, but I guess it does make a cute story.



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Three Caves

by Charles "Chip" Knight

The name "Three Caves," came about long after this former limestone quarry, or mine, had ceased operation. During the years it was active it was known simply as the "rock quarry" and it was not looked upon with the nostalgia commonly felt for it today. It was loud, as both dynamite and crushing machinery were used in its operation, and loaded trucks spilled stone on what were rapidly becoming residential streets, particularly along Hermitage Avenue.

The rock quarry was first opened in 1945 on land owned by Madison County near the old County Poor House, and was well out from town in an area of pastures and nurseries. For the next seven years the quarry supplied crushed limestone for road construction in Huntsville, notably for Governors Drive which was known then as the "Four Lane Highway" because it was

the only one around.

The rock quarry started out like most others in the area, as an open pit operation. Blasting in the pit occasionally caused problems with large rocks being blasted hundreds of yards and dropping on the Poor House and, once, on a brand new 1949 automobile. As the quarry grew, the operators found that they had to go deeper and deeper to get to the desirable limestone. The

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dirt and rock on top of that was known as overburden, and had to be blasted and removed from the site. This caused a growing problem which they finally solved by turning it into an underground mine. By going underground they avoided the effort and expense of removing the overburden and there was little danger of damage from the blasting.



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Mining operations ceased in 1952 because of a large number of complaints and because the cost of underground mining became more expensive as the mine grew. By that time, three large entrances had been created and work had begun on a fourth. Rock was drilled and blasted carefully to leave large supporting pillars while the rest of the rock was removed. This method, called "room and pillar" mining, was used when the amount of overburden was large compared with the available rock.

When operation of the quarry ceased, the site was simply abandoned. Unfenced, the old mines gave a generation of children a place to explore and teenaged couples a place to find privacy.



It was even rumored about town that one rather well known citizen had been found there with another man's wife.

The area remained largely out of the public eye until the year 1962 brought the Cuban Missile Crisis, and Madison County decided that the site would be an excellent location for a fallout shelter. An Engineer Company from the Alabama National Guard spent several weekend drills removing debris and otherwise cleaning the place up, but the crisis soon passed and the effort was dropped before emergency supplies of food and water were stocked.

Once again the old rock quarry was pretty well forgotten. Then, in 1978, movie producers found several sites in the Huntsville area which were ideal for a film to be called *The Ravagers*, which was about the time following a nuclear war. Although the film starred Richard Harris and Ernest Borgnine, it was not particularly successful, perhaps because people did not want to even think about a nuclear war, much less spend the time watching a movie about it.

TIMOTHY JAY FOOTE



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In any case, the quarry was the location for a number of scenes in the movie, and the open area was filled with trucks, power carts and trailers. Another location used in the movie was the Space and Rocket Center. There, the normally gleaming white missiles were covered in a rather mottled gray that made them look old and abandoned.

As with most films shot on location, there were a number of parts which were filled by local area residents. Among these were musicians Tony Mason and a fiddler known as Monte Sano Crowder. When filming was completed, the old quarry was again quietly forgotten.

In the 1980s, local land developers began to believe that they could build houses on the steeply sloping and cave-ridden limestones of Monte Sano Mountain. One reaction to this was the formation of the Huntsville Land Trust, which was dedicated to preserving not only Monte Sano itself, but any other undisturbed lands in the area. The Land Trust bought over 500 acres of the west face of Monte Sano from private owners and got others through the City of Huntsville with the help of the Land and Water Conservation agency which is a State agency. The Madison County Commission donated the acreage which included the old rock quarry, now known as "Three Caves" to the Land Trust.

The area around the three caves is now fenced, much to the chagrin of youngsters seeking to

explore and of young couples wanting privacy. The cliffs around the mine are sheer vertical, and several people have been injured falling from them. The "caves" have now become a well known attraction. Volunteer groups, the Boy Scouts and others, have built trails, so to speak, throughout both the mined area and the land around it which have made it for the first time, really safe to explore. The Land Trust conducts tours of the "caves" on a regular basis and special tours can be arranged when





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needed.

Perhaps the most interesting thing is that, although the old quarry, mine, or whatever you want to call it, was never really a cave - it is becoming one. A stalagmite, which grows from the floor of a natural cave, is growing in this old abandoned limestone mine, and the numbers of brown bats which call this place home is growing. Perhaps, one day, it will even look like a natural limestone cave.

New Enterprise

There is a new manufacturing enterprise locating in our city. It is a cigar factory, to be located on Franklin Street, below the post office. The proprietor, J. B. Dierke, of Cincinnati, wisely decided on Huntsville after surveying several other cities. He informs us that he will use only the finest of goods, and his work will be handmade. So we will be seeing cigars made of only purest of tobacco, without the use of cabbage leaves, old rusty pieces of nails and leather.

from 1888 newpaper

The Will

In 1899 Miss Mollie Teal died and willed her home to the city. Miss Teal stipulated in her will that in order for the city to acquire title to the property it had to be used for the benefit of the public. Also, according to legend, she insisted a sign be left in place above the front door. The sign read "Welcome Back."

The various city officials were aghast at the idea of using it for office space. Finally, with time running out, they persuaded a local charity to use it for a hospital.

This was the beginning of Huntsville Hospital.

Miss Mollie Teal was a Madam. The property was a bordello.

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Seen on local singles listing

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General John Steger The Last Soldier

"Hell, that's a great idea. Dress the old man up in his uniform and we can make him a grand marshal or something. We can play up the "Old South," make the parade a success and get all kinds of free publicity."

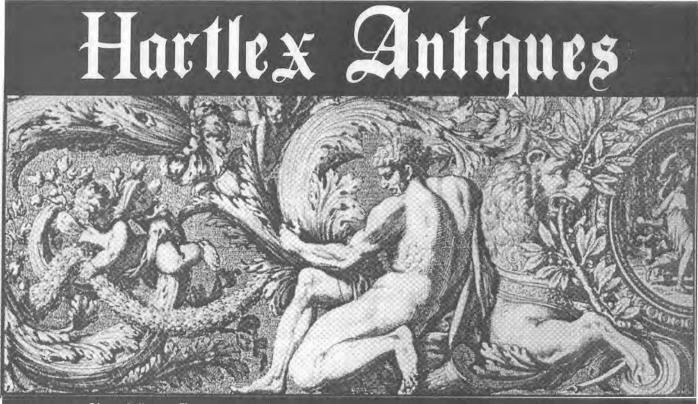
They picked him up in one of those fancy convertible cars. They told him all he had to do was sit back and wave at people. He wasn't much to look at. The old gray uniform was threadbare and soiled from years of neglect. The shoulders it rested on were hunched with age. Watching the old man, you had to wonder what was going through his mind. The once proud soldier of a hundred battles, long ago, now sat per-

fectly still, silently watching the crowds.

The biggest crowd was around the reviewing stand. When the band saw the convertible approaching, they paused, and then began a loud stirring rendition of Dixie. The old man removed the tattered campaign hat from his head and held it against his breast, while the crowd hooped and hollered. The car started moving again as the last strains of the Confederate battle song died away. After, a brief pause to catch their breath, the band broke into a slow, sad rendition of the old Union standard, Battle Hymn of the Republic. "Stop," spoke the old man to

the driver of the convertible. People grew silent, every eye was on the old man as he struggled to pull himself erect. Holding onto the back of the seat to give





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himself support, he raised his other hand to his forehead in salute, and held it there, trembling, as he turned to face the American flag.

John A Steger was born on December 7, 1845, the son of Kennon H. Steger. The elder Steger had moved from Virginia and settled in Ryland, a few miles north of Huntsville, where he became a prosperous farmer. When Alabama seceded from the Union in 1861, John, like all young men everywhere, was anxious to enlist. He was attending school in Ryland at the time and his father reminded him that 15 was too young to go off and be a soldier. The war became a reality early the next year when General Mitchel and his hated yankee troops invaded Madison County, burning, looting and terrorizing at will. These were dangerous times. The yankees automatically suspected any young man as being a Rebel, while the Confederates assumed any young Southern man not in uniform was a deserter, or even worse, a traitor.

On May 24, 1863, John Steger was sworn in as a private in the Confederate States of America Army. He had heard of Confederate forces camped at Brownsboro, and after receiving permission from his father quickly made his, way to join them. The group he joined was Company G of Colonel William A. Johnson's 4th Cavalry Regiment, which was then passing

through Madison County after a raid into Tennessee. Johnson's regiment served in the brigade of General Philip Dale Roddey, the famous "Defender of North Alabama."

Steger's army life was filled with adventure, and the teenage soldier quickly rose through the ranks to sergeant. He served mainly in North Alabama and Mississippi, though he also saw combat in Tennessee and Georgia.

His closest call came on June 10, 1864, at the battle of Brice's Crossroads, Miss. Roddey's men had ridden all day in the hot sun to reach the battlefield, but General Forrest ordered them into action almost immediately. When the cavalry dismounted, the soldiers counted off and every fourth man was assigned as a horse holder. Steger was fortunate enough to be so designated. However, he traded places with another and charged with his comrades. As the Alabamians

were driving back the yankees, a bullet struck Steger's cartridge box and cut the strap holding it to his side. A fraction of an inch closer and it would have seriously injured him.

Another of Steger's encounters took place quite close to home. In the fall of 1863, Roddey's horsemen had been sent to North Georgia. When they returned to Alabama, they found the yankees in force at New Market. Steger and several others were sent to scout. Unfortunately,



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they were cut off by the enemy for several days.

Steger suggested the men head for his father's house near Ryland. They reached the house late in the afternoon. Steger was about to approach the house when he was stopped by one of the family servants. The old black woman warned him that four yankees were already there. Steger and his companions waited until early morning, then they surprised the sleeping yankees and captured them, without firing a shot.

After General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, word was slow to reach the scattered remnants of the Confederate Army still struggling in North Alabama. It was more than a month later, May 17, 1865 when General Roddey finally surrendered at Pond Springs (now Wheeler, Alabama). For John Steger, like hundreds of thousands of other men, there was nothing else left to do except begin the long walk back home.

Returning to Huntsville he

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found a land that was completely devastated, with people starving and no way to earn a living. Luckily, parts of his father's farm were still intact and he was able to return to farming. On January 19, 1870, he married Mary Simpson and with both of them working the fields, was able to rebuild the rest of the farm. When the United States went to war with Spain in 1898 there were res-

ervations in parts of the South about putting on a yankee uniform and fighting a yankee war. Most people were content to sit back and see what would happen, but when General Joe Wheeler and General Fitzhugh Lee (late of the Confederate army) joined the hostilities, the mood changed in a hurry. Young men everywhere joined in droves. When John tried to enlist, he was told that he was

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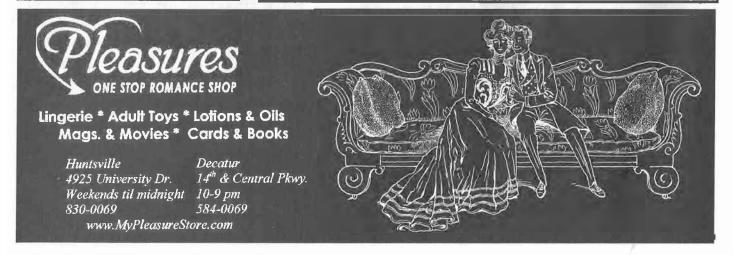
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too old, there were no openings for 53 year-old soldiers. Disappointed, he-returned home and sent his two sons in his place.

At the turn of the century, Steger became active in veteran's affairs. He served as commander of the Egbert J. Jones Camp, United Confederate Veterans, in Huntsville. Later he was elected Commander of the Third Alabama Brigade, and was often called by his honorary title of General, which went with the position.

Too old to serve in another war, John was forced to fight the war sitting on a bench outside the old courthouse, swapping wartime stories with his comrades. Time began to pass by quickly.

The first war came and went with its bloody trench warfare and deadly machine gun nests. Every year would see fewer of John's comrades returning to share the bench and swap stories with him. Prohibition was voted in, and then out. Our country was in the midst of the Depression when a group of men went to visit John and give him the news. A friend of John's had died and now he was the only surviving Confederate in Madison County.

It became harder for people to get him to talk about his service in the Confederacy. When war with Japan was declared in 1941, John Stever raised an American flag in his front yard. Every day, morning and night, it was raised and lowered for the duration of the war.

At the age of 99, no longer able to take care of himself, he was forced to move in with his daughter in Birmingham. Shortly before his 100th birthday, he returned to Huntsville one last time, by airplane. Years

before he had walked much of the same route, as a defeated soldier.

On Saturday morning, February 28, 1948, John Alexander Steger died. While the rest of the world worried about the Iron Curtain and Atomic bombs, a few people

gathered at Shiloh Church in Ryland to pay their respects. Among the people gathered that day were veterans from the Second World War, the First World War and the Spanish American War.

There were none from the Civil War... John Steger was the last soldier.

"I was on my way to the doctor's with rear end trouble when my universal joint gave way, causing me to wreck my car."

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News From The Year 1914

News From Huntsville and Around The World

Europe On Brink Of War

ready to invade Serbia and as the sending of his passports to the Serbian minister is a virtual declaration of war, hostilities will begin probably within the next day or two. Serbia had acceded to most of Austria's demands and nothing but an entire surrender on its part could now avert war. While the warlike attitude of Austria-Hungary has been precipitated by the assassination of the Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand, about two weeks ago, a Slavic propaganda against Austria has been in progress for some time.

But the moment Austria starts a war with Serbia, Russia will take up the fight and aid its little Slavic neighbor to the full extent of its military resources. Germany would join Austria. The German people are in a frenzy of war. France and possibly England would be drawn into the conflict. The only certainty is that the United States will mind

Austria-Hungary is eager and her own business and stay out dy to invade Serbia and as the of the fracas.

Europe has been long preparing for such a war as this which is threatened, but al though it seems inevitable, all peace-loving people will pray that some way out of it will yet be found.

Skyscraper in Huntsville

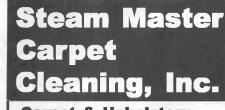
Ground breaking was held today for the Twickenham Hotel, a project expected to cost \$100,000. The hotel is being built on the site of the old market house which was purchased by the city for a reported \$15,000. A crowd of some three thousand people attended the ground breaking.

With the completion of the six story hotel, Huntsville will be able to boast of having the tallest skyscraper in the Tennessee Valley.

Family Saved By Dog As Home Burns

A Dallas mill family is counting their blessings this morning after their home was completely destroyed by fire. The family was sound asleep when the blaze began and were alerted by the pet terrier which began barking until the whole family was roused.

The family is staying with relatives until more accommodations can be found. The mills have a policy against pets but it is expected to be waived in this instance.



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Local Man In Jail After Drowning Death

Vassar Vest, residence 121 Washington Street, Decatur was drowned in the Tennessee River this morning about ten o'clock. At a point several hundred yards below the bridge, a boat occupied by Vest and a young man named Jim Breedlove turned over according to Breedlove's story throwing the two out.

Breedlove has been arrested and placed in the county jail. Breedlove, when seen in the county jail this afternoon, told the following story to a reporter: "Vest and I were crossing the river to fish and had reached the other side when the boat turned over, but I do not know what caused it. I grabbed the side and saved myself. I got the boat turned right side up when I had gotten about 50 yards from this side, after having looked for the body of Vest. I came on to land and got the family of Vest and went back across the river. I was sitting on the bank over there when Deputy Sheriff McCulloch arrested me."

Breedlove does not appear to have a criminal face, but there

appear to be several details of the drowning which he doesn't seem to be quite familiar with. He stated that he didn't know what caused the boat to turn over, dumping the men in the water, though he said that Vest had been teasing him about not being able to swim and had been rocking the boat in an effort to aggravate him.

Deer To Go

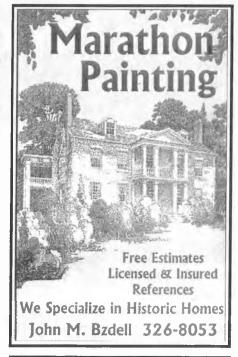
County official today announced that they would no longer permit deer in the court house yard. The announcement was met with hoots of derision by people who have grown attached to the pet deer.

Supporters of the deer have vowed to go to court to prevent the county from removing the animals.

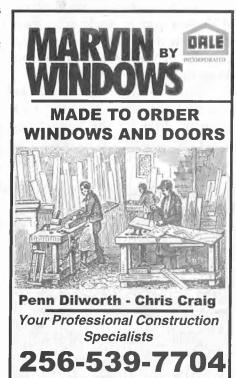
New Speed Limit

The Huntsville city officials moved the city into a new era last night when they approved raising the automobile speed limits from 10 miles an hour to 15.

Despite protests from people who claimed the increase will result in total mayhem on Huntsville's streets, the measure was approved unanimously.







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*Do the most unpleasant task of the day first - it will have a good psychological effect for you.

*For Asthma, a lot of people swear that keeping a Chihuahua dog around the house works.

*If you suffer from cold feet, put hot pepper pods in your shoes.

*A small bag of sulfur kept in a drawer or cupboard will drive away red ants.

*A spoonful of vinegar put into the water in which meats or fowls are boiled makes them tender.

*For good home ventilation, open your windows at top and bottom. The fresh air rushes in one way and the foul air makes its exit by the other.

*Take off a wart by soaking the toe overnight in a cut lemon.

*For a headache, wet a piece of brown paper sack with vinegar, coat this with baking soda and tie on the head with something tight.

*Plain yogurt glopped on coarse hair after washing can tame it. Just let the yogurt remain on the hair for 15 minutes, then rinse as usual with tepid water.

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*Cream of tartar has been shown to clear nicotene out of a smoker's system and help enable the smoker to quit. 1/2 tsp. with 8 oz. orange juice drunk before bedtime will do it.

*Like many others, I had a

bad problem with floaters - my vision was often impaired and it was hard to drive and to read. I be gan drinking

8 ounces of water mixed with a tablespoon of lemon juice every morning, and the same at night. I'm not too sure why it worked, but almost from the first day the floaters have disappeared, and my eyes don't seem to be dry like they were. No one can explain why this helps.

*Use petroleum to remove mildow from leather.

*To keep your eggs fresh all spring, take them as soon as they are laid and brush them with olive oil. Dry thoroughly and put them in a box with layers of ashes. Cover the box tightly to entirely exclude the air.



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Senior Friends Convention - San Diego* Nov. 5 - 9

Kentucky Christmas Treat November 30 - December 1

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*Indicates air travel from Huntsville. Motorcoach travel on all other trips.



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Life in Killingsworth Cove

by John F. Broyles

An annual event in Killingsworth Cove was sorghum-making time. What made it interesting was the unearthly, one-of-a-kind type machine used in those days to extract the juice from the cane. It took a lot of serious thinking and head-scratching to ever figure out a way to build a machine like the early sorghum mill. But after it was all figured out and built, folks probably said. "Why sure. That's the only way it could be."

It was fun to watch sorghum making in operation. But the machines were not ready to operate when first purchased. Three main parts did not come with the machine.

First, you had to build a platform base to bolt the machine onto it that would hold it about five feet above the ground.

Next, you had to go out and find a pole about twenty feet long and bolt it onto the top of the mill. If done as directed, that would leave the pole sticking straight out from the mill horizontal to the ground.

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Third, the mill had no engine. It was designed to be powered by one willing mule, hitched to the farthest end of the pole. He then walked around the mill in circles. And while the instructions did not mention it, a ten or twelve-year-old boy had to walk around the circle, too, in the mule's tracks, with a stick in his hand with which to gently tap the mule to remind him it was not quitting time until quitting time.

Nobody had to guide the mule to make him walk in a circle. That's the only way he could go, due to a length of plow line running from the other end of the pole to the mule's bridle. The mule had no say-so whatever about which direction he would go. He went the way the rope pulled him. The mule pulled one end of the pole; the other end of the pole pulled the mule.

The cane was poked, one



Glenn Watson City Council - District 5

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stalk at a time, into heavy rollers inside the mill. Something like a clothes wringer. The juice went into a barrel. The rest of the mashed-up stalks went on out and fell on the ground. Which required somebody to tote it away, before the accumulation covered up the entire operation. The man poking in the cane had to be quite short, or else keep seated all the time so the overhead pole wouldn't conk his head every time it came around. Which was about every nineteen seconds or so.

Two men took juice from the barrel to keep the correct amount in a large cooking pan with a wood burning fire beneath.

All together, it kept several individuals busy making molasses. But of the two men doing the cooking, one was a time-tested, expert molasses cooker. The man helping him was the cook's own choice of helper. Nobody took his sorghum cane to amateurs. But the individual most responsible for keeping the whole mill running was the ten or twelve year-old boy following the mule.

A few families in the Cove had telephones. We were fortunate to have one. Otherwise mother would have run herself ragged trying to keep track of her children. We had no reason to run away, or any notions of doing so. We just had a wide choice of things to do and places to go. We seldom strayed more than a mile from home. Luckily, our favorite

place to visit was the store. Or the blacksmith shop. Since the road all the way down to the store was visible from our front porch, mother could, when one of us came up missing, look down the road and find us. She could go to the wall telephone and crank up the store's number of rings and say:

"Ed, Francis is on the way down there"—or Evelyn or whoever. "Turn them around and head them back this way." Sometimes we'd be in the blacksmith shop watching Mr. Hawkins shoe a mule. Anyway, it was not much trouble to round us up via the telephone.

Francis was worse than any of us about running away. He was so clever at it that he could have grown up to be a successful jail breaker. But he didn't. He turned out to be a preacher.

But when he was little, he was bad about slipping off and traipsing all over the cove.

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Mother had to call up Ed lots of times to go out and look for Francis. When he would wander out into somebody's cornfield, with corn head-high, it took a lot of looking to find him. Especially when he lay down and went to sleep like he did sometimes. He had pretty well outgrown that kind of behavior by the time I came along. But I heard Mother and Father tell about some of Francis's expeditions.

I remember walking around the fields and woods with Francis after we were both older. Instead of having conversations with each other, he would often recite speeches he'd made up. That, no doubt, was the early stages of his becoming a minister. I didn't know it at the time, but I was serving as his congregation - his sounding board. I never objected to anything he said in his speeches, so he probably figured he was coming along great at oratory. Anyway, looking back now,

I must have helped Francis prepare himself for the ministry.

Speaking of the telephone it and the newspaper were the only means of circulating news and gossip around the countryside back then. No radio. No television. No quick way to hear and pass on astonishing and exciting information except on the telephone. Actually, it was a pretty fast system. One person could call another person. Five minutes later, everybody in the community knew what was said and who said it. The telephone turned out to be handy for lots of things.

Sometimes a person would want to have a friendly conversation with a neighbor friend. She'd go to the phone on the wall, turn the crank handle on the side to ring the correct number of rings to get that person. Then she would take the receiver down, slap it to her ear and wait for an answering "hello." Meanwhile, if

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the caller began to hear clicking sounds coming through her receiver, she knew others with phones were coming in on the line, eagerly anticipating the pleasure of silently listening to a conversation they were not supposed to hear, which sometimes was the most interesting. After several clicks, the caller realized she had a listening audience in addition to her callee. Which is all right. It gave her a chance to re-word her message accordingly. Sometimes one speaks one way to an audience, another way to an individual friend - depending, sometimes, on who the friend is.

But sometimes party lines served a very good service. I know there were times when Mother was talking on the phone to someone when someone else broke in on the line opening up an entirely new topic of conversation, like, "Miss Effie, if your Francis happens to come up missing, I saw him about twenty minutes ago, walking across our lower pasture heading in a northeasterly direction." Mother was always appreciative of any clues as to where Francis was at any time.

Of course we were not restricted to local calls, although that's the kind we made mostly. But Mother had a half dozen sisters scattered around a radius of thirty or forty miles. They all had phones and lots of conversation. But long distance calls from the cove to some place twenty-five miles away were not usually satisfactory.

About the longest calls ever made over our telephone were when Bill Lee came to borrow our phone to call the "dispensary" in Chattanooga to order his whiskey. I remember how loud he had to holler every time he called them. That was over a hundred miles! Almost unbelievable, being able to holler that loud on a phone.

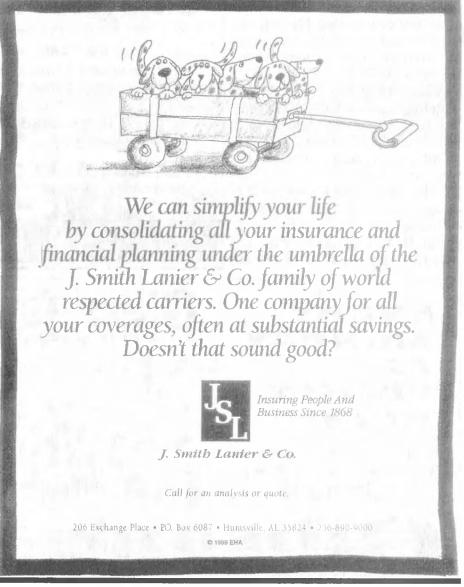
Runaway!

From my residence about 3 miles northwest of Huntsville, during my absence on the 9th, James Carter, a bound boy about fifteen years of age escaped. Said boy when leaving had on a black sack cloth coat and gray jeans pantaloons.

Description: rather small for his age, fair skin, round face, blue eyes, rather low forehead, and very black thick hair. I forewarn any man from harboring him. He has no relatives in Alabama and it would be to his advantage to have him returned. Thos. H. Hewlett

from 1875 newspaper





When Times Were Different

By Jane Rutters, written in 1890.

I've grown to be an old woman, and I don't claim that I was ever handsome or graceful, or angelic, but the fact remains that I've been married, and you must take it for granted that my John loved me.

I look back to my courting days and am amazed at the change which has come over the world.

My John saw me in a plain calico dress, without false teeth, false hair or padding. He was an honest, sun-browned lad, who parted his hair on the side, wore boots large enough for his feet, and had no money to spend at dancing school. I had not learned how to lace my waist until my heels were lifted off the floor, and as for paints and powders, they were unknown.

My John never asked me if I could bake, wash, iron, sew and be a helpmate to him. He knew I could. He had eaten of my bread and pies, and had found me at

the washtub.

I never had a fear that he would be out of work half the year and be compelled to live on his father-in-law. If he had no clean starched cuffs, neither did he smoke. If he had no stand-up collars, neither did he know the interior of saloons. If he sported no cane, neither did he know of poker, faro and old sledge.

There was nothing said about luxuries when we were first married. John had \$200 saved up, and I had bedding and a set of old-fashioned dishes, and we went to keeping house in a log cabin with bare floors.

Neighbors were not enemies - social gatherings were not slandering societies - worth was not

boiled down to a silk dress or a swallow-tailed coat.

There was a funeral now and then in those olden days, but never a divorce. Women fell sick, but they never eloped.

John brought up his boys to believe that no man need be ashamed of honest toil. I brought up my girls to believe that it was a wife's duty to know how to manage a home from cellar to garret.

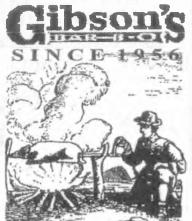
Their children call me grandma when nobody is about to hear them. When they have company I am supposed to be out of the way upstairs. Grandpas and grandmas are no longer fashionable. They are too blunt and outspoken.

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Southern Outlet -

The Railroad to Hobbs Island

by Bob Baudendistel

At eight o'clock one evening in April, 1892, Milton Humes, Chairman of the Board of Trade, called a town meeting with Huntsville area citizens to discuss the transportation problems that plagued many of the communities south of the city towards the Tennessee River. The proposition before the panel at this public hearing was centered on convincing the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis (NC&StL) Railway to extend its Elora-Huntsville rail line. This extension of the line would be built running south of Huntsville to reach the Tennessee River at or near the head of Hobbs Island. a distance of approximately 14 miles. Many prospectors believed that this "Southern Outlet" was needed in order for the Huntsville economy to continue to thrive. The committee voted unanimously to submit the proposition, and as a result, subscriptions totaling more than \$6950 were immediately declared.

It was on Monday, May 21, 1892 when preliminary field surveys for the rail line to Hobbs Island were conducted. Mr. Hunter McDonald, who was the active superintendent of the Western and Atlantic Division of the NC&StL Railway, began laying out the preliminary lines for the new road. Mr. McDonald employed Thompson Jones, Leslie Donegan, Norman Figures, and several other locals to assist him with the effort. Follow-

ing the preliminary survey efforts, a later meeting was held on Friday, June 25 when additional subscriptions were noted. One subscription was for the sum of \$500 from The City of Huntsville. Soon after, on July 1, 1892, two carloads of scrapers and other grading tools were delivered to Huntsville by train along the existing NC&StL Elora-Huntsville rail line. Meanwhile, more grading tools were said to have arrived by boat at

Whitesburg.

Once all of the required feesimple warranty deeds to the property were secured and entered into the probate records at the county courthouse, the construction of the rail line was permitted. Some of the names of the individuals or families who bargained, sold, and conveyed the property required for this extension of the railroad to Hobbs Island include: Humes, Teal, Ewing, Garth, Harris, Moore,



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Beirne, Matthews, Brown, White, Proctor, Farley, Burrow, Campbell, Logan, Taylor, and Hobbs. By November 1892, most of the line was graded and the tracklayers had already reached a point nearly six miles south of the city. Once completed, this would put yet another extension on the map for the Huntsville Branch operation of the NC&StL Railroad. Mr. Oscar Hundley, a Huntsville attorney, served as council for the railroad during these and other land transactions.

Prior to this event. The Tennessee and Coosa (T&C) Railroad was attempting to build a railway through Etowah and Marshall Counties. It was back in 1845 when Gen. Andrew Jackson first initiated the construction of this railroad to provide a vital artery across Sand Mountain between the two namesake rivers. The construction of this railroad was very slow, and never actually completed until 1893 when the NC&StL bought the property and assets. This left a remaining 20-mile watery gap between Hobbs Island and Gunter's Landing. To overcome the rugged mountains and river valley, NC&StL built an incline at each landing, and transferred the railroad cars up and down the river atop wooden barges. The barges were pushed using two flat-bottomed paddle-wheel steamers Huntsville Guntersville. Passengers would get to board these steamers during the journey along the river. This obscure marine operation was maintained by the railroad before, during, and after the construction of Guntersville Dam that was completed in 1939.

The Huntsville Branch line of the NC&StL now operated more than 100 miles of track from a point-of-commencement in Decherd, Tennessee. The line terminated at a switchyard in

Gadsden, Ala. This allowed Huntsville business and industry to reach markets spreading across southern parts of the state. The railroad timetable included daily passenger and freight runs. Early steam locomotives included the classic American 4-4-0's. Later, 2-8-0 Husky Consolidations, 2-10-0 Russian Decapods, and 4-6-0 Baldwin Ten-Wheelers were the norm. The earliest freight cars, passenger cars, and cabooses were of the wooden variety. These were gradually replaced with the more modern equipment featuring all-steel construction. By the mid 1950's, diesel locomotives replaced the aging

steam fleet. The steamboats and wooden river barges used for the river ferry transfer operation were replaced with the diesel tugboat *Guntersville*, and two new all-steel river barges.

While enroute to Hobbs Island from downtown Huntsville, several stations and flag stops were located along the line. These included Lily Flagg, Matthew's Place, Farley, Burrows, Taylorsville, and finally Hobbs Island. The Huntsville & Madison County Railroad Authority currently operates a train along 90% of this very same rail line. The tracks that are still in use today are plainly visible from much of South Memorial Parkway.

Perhaps the busiest time ever for the Huntsville Branch operation of the NC&StL came as a



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result of the Huntsville Arsenal. Safe and reliable transportation with the U.S. Army warfare and munitions center at the arsenal was vital to the successful U.S. involvement in World War II. Obtaining the necessary rail service out onto the arsenal lands was among the highest of the initial priorities during the earliest construction efforts. Two of the three rail spurs leading out to the arsenal were built directly from the extension of the NC&StL running south of town. One spur was built close to where Vermont Road is found running today west of Memorial Parkway near the Martin Road interchange. A second spur was built leading onto the arsenal from a siding down at Farley near the current location of Green Cove Road. This switch point at Farley would later become known as the Rocket Siding. As the space and missile programs landed their operations on the newly formed Redstone Arsenal, the need for rail service declined somewhat as OTR trucks became more common for the Arsenal transportation.

It was during the late 1950's when L&N had taken over the full ownership, management, and operation of the entire NC&StL rail system, including the Huntsville Branch. By 1959, L&N ceased the river ferry transfer operation between Hobbs Island and Guntersville since the company already had access into Gadsden by way of its Mineral Belt rail line that came by way of either Birmingham or Anniston. Today, there is still some visible evidence of where the river ferry incline was operated along the banks of the Tennessee River near Hobbs Island. This point is upstream approximately 1/2 mile from the head of the island past The Baker Sand and Gravel Company. The launch point at Gunter's Landing is still evident todav as well. It is hidden in a tree line that is found behind what was the Harbor House Marina off of U.S. Highway 431 just to the south of the main river channel bridge.

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mounting expenses with many of the original NC&StL branch lines such as the Huntsville Branch forced CSX Transportation to discontinue the service from

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many of them back in the 980's. This prompted the newly formed Huntsville & Madison County (H&MC) Railroad Authority to purchase the rail line leading from Downtown Huntsville to Norton as many of the industries along the route required rail service. Today, this rail service continues to operate successfully serving many industries, which in turn benefit the local economy. The next time you are driving through parts of south Huntsville, chances are, you may catch a friendly wave from the crew aboard an EMD switcher pulling a string of freight cars. Only now, vou'll know more about how the rail service was first brought to the area, how important it was, and continues to be.



News From The Year 1871

- A Randolph Street man advertises for a "self-supporting Wife." So far there is no evidence to him being successful.
- A Decatur thief, after great risks, managed to steal \$400 in Confederate money.
- A local woman who unfortunately has been addicted to the morphine habit for a number of years, sought refuge in the police station Sunday and died there.

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Poker Game On Houseboat Robbed

In true Western style late last night, unknown men, fully armed with their faces covered by masks, made quite a rich haul on a houseboat 30 miles up the Tennessee River, on which a game of draw poker was in progress.

It is said that something like \$400 and several watches and diamond rings and studs as well as numerous bottles of whiskey were secured by the robbers, who made good their escape under the cover of darkness.

It is believed that a gang of well organized thieves is operating in the county. Recently several stores have been broken open and goods taken. Another poker game was robbed near Hazle Green last week under similar circumstances.

From 1905 newspaper



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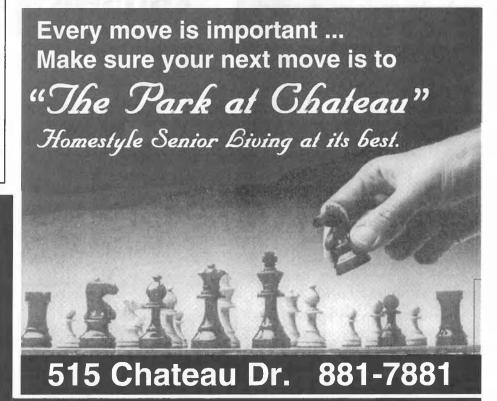


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"Each network represents the best of our programming brands. We are proud to work with Knology to provide these two new quality choices for our valued consumers," said David Zagin, Senior Vice President, Affiliate Sales, A&E Television Networks. "We remain committed to bringing enhanced entertainment value to each community with the addition of The Biography Channel and History International."

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Memories of War

Pittsburgh, Pa. Dec. 14, 1901 Dear Sir:

A clipping was recently handed me, stating that the President had appointed you to a judgeship for the Northern and Middle District of the State of Alabama, and giving a sketch of personal history, stating that you had served in the Confederate army under General Gordon, and carried a flag of truce to Sheridan's lines at Appomattox.

My object in addressing you is to ascertain if you remember on that occasion as you approached the Union skirmish line you stopped and asked a Union soldier, dressed in a zouave uniform, where the commanding General was. If you are the person that carried the flag of truce in at that point, I was the party who directed you. I was Sergeant-Major of the One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, First Brigade, First Division. Our Regiment was on the skirmish line that morning, advancing into Appomattox,



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when I saw a supposed cavalryman advancing from the Confederate lines with a flag of truce; he stopped, addressed me an inquiry and I directed him where to go. This is a matter of personal interest to me to straighten out history, and it will also be source of pleasure to renew an acquaintance and claim you as a friend who was once a foe. Hoping to hear from you at an early date, I remain,

Very truly yours, William Shore.

Huntsville, Ala., April 14, 1902.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of April 7th revives some very interesting memories and I reply at the earliest opportunity.

When the war ended at Appomattox, I was an officer on the staff of Major-General John B. Gordon, who then commanded the Second Corps of the army of Northern Virginia, and parts of Anderson's corps. General Gordon was selected to com-

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mand the troops which attempted to cut out about day break on April 9th, and I was with him in that charge.

As you will remember, we drove the cavalry some distance; when, coming upon General Ord's forces, we retired, without attempting to break through, then being closely pushed by the infantry. When General Gordon ascertained that General Ord's command was in front of him. he gave up all hope of cutting through, and as he had been directed in that event, by General Lee, with whom he was in communication by messenger and courier, sent in flags of truce at several points on the line in our front.

As the emergency was very pressing and your people were about to swoop down upon us, it was all important to stop hostilities at once, and General Gordon directed flags to be carried to several points along the line which was advancing on us.

I was then not quite twentyone years old, and was mounted on a good-looking bay horse, and was in full dress, having put on our best uniforms for fear they would be captured with the wagons. We all expected the worst and wished to be dressed as decently as possible. I rode in on the right of Appomattox Court House, coming from the direction of our lines. Some of your skirmishers opened fire on me at first, but they stopped as soon as they perceived my flag of truce, which was a large, white napkin in which some ladies had wrapped some snack for me the

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day before, the napkin being all that remained in my haversack.

I have always had a vague recollection that the officer I met was an artillery man, and it may be you were the man who told

me where to go, and that I mistook the artillery man for a man in zouave uniform. I was so intent on getting the firing stopped that I did not pay very particular attention to what happened on the skirmish line. Thirty-seven vears have elapsed since then, and my memory is not very distinct as to the details.

I think the first general officer I was carried to was General Chamberlain, of Maine, who was a Division Commander, and if I am not mistaken, he carried me to General Griffin. General Sheridan was near by. I think he or some

Look younger than your daughter!



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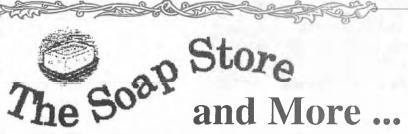
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of his staff rode out into a part of the field where I was and said something about having another flag of truce and that "we seemed anxious to stop" and so on.

From this point I was sent with a Union officer to some Confederates, who did not understand the situation, and were trying to move off and were occasionally firing. After this I went back into the Confederate lines to where General Lee was sitting on the road about a mile from Appomattox Court House on some rails near an apple orchard, waiting to hear from General Grant.

It would give me great pleasure to meet you should chance ever bring you to Alabama, and I will hunt you up if I ever come to Pittsburgh.

Yours very Truly, Thomas G. Jones



Hard Soap

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Memories of an African-American Childhood in Huntsville

by Georgia Smith

I remember the year 1948, when at the age of eight l lived with an old man and his wife. They were good to me. They didn't have much but what they had they were happy to share.

We lived in a two-room house on the corner of Elegant and Washington Streets. The old man worked at a store called Hill's Groceries on Walker Street. He would bring food home from his job that had been thrown out.

We did the best we could with what we had. The old lady would pick through the rotten food trying to find something she could make a meal with.

As best I can recall I went to a school for black children called Winston Street School that has since been torn down. During that time black and white children did not attend the same school.

I loved to go down town on Saturdays. I would look in the store windows, most of which were on Washington Street. Three of the stores were Kress, a five and dime store; Butler's, a show store across the street from the Court House; and Woolworth. I would play around the Court House on Sundays after church. Sometimes we went to the Princess Theatre. I still remember the first movie I ever saw.

I also loved to watch the train. It would go right past the house. Sometimes the train would set at the train station for a long time and sometimes it would drop coal to the ground. The lady I lived with would go down the tracks and pick up coal that had fallen from the car boxes. It was enough coal to last for a day and keep us warm with our iron stove.

I remember carving my name in the wall of the train station bathroom. I wonder if my name is still there?

If you're on a diet, remember that food used for medicinal purposes NEVER count, such as hot chocolate, brandy, buttered toast and Sara Lee Cheesecake.

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The Law and your rights

Common Law Marriage

by Sam Russell, Esq.

Q: We didn't have a wedding or any other kind of marriage ceremony, nor did we obtain a marriage license ... are we married?

A: Maybe.

The State of Alabama recognizes two types of marriages: (1) Ceremonial and (2) Common law. By far, the most common type of marriage is a ceremonial marriage. Ceremonial marriages, as the term hints, typically consist of some type of formal or informal ceremony, and are deemed completed by the state upon obtaining a marriage license and the solemnization of the marriage by the appropriate person.

By contrast, common-law marriages are less common than ceremonial marriages and as a result involve more confusion and misconception. Many people believe, for example, that if two people have a child together, they create a commonlaw marriage. While others believe that if a couple cohabitate for a specific length of time, a common-law marriage is created. In truth, these are only factors to consider in determining whether a marriage by common law exists.

Three basic elements make up a common-law marriage: (1) capacity, (2) present agreement or consent, and (3) consummation. If these three elements are not present, a common-law marriage does not exist, regardless of what other factors, such as children or cohabitation, might be present in a particular relationship.

First, only unmarried adults of sound mind and body have the capacity to marry, and pursuant to the Alabama Marriage Protection Act of 1998, "marriage" is defined as a unique relationship between a man and a woman. Thus, a child, a mentally incapacitated person, a person already married, or a person of the same sex as the person they are involved with, lacks the capacity to marry.

Second, both parties to the relationship must agree or consent to marriage. If, therefore, a party to a relationship does not want to be married or if the parties plan to "marry" at some future date, no present commonlaw marriage exists.

Third, the parties must consummate the marriage. Contrary to the beliefs of many, the parties need not have a sexual

relationship in order to consummate a marriage by common law. Rather, a marriage is consummated when the parties achieve public recognition as husband and wife. Public recognition may be achieved by cohabitation, having children together, by jointly owning property or bank accounts, by filing joint tax returns, etc.

Above all, the intention of the parties is most important in determining whether a common-law marriage exists. If the parties have the capacity to marry and the intent to marry, as evidenced by their agreement or consent *and* by their consummation, a marriage by common law likely exists. Once a common-law marriage exists, it is treated in all legal respects the same as a ceremonial marriage.

This column is presented as a public service by Mitch Howie and Russell, Attorneys at Law.





Preacher Arrested

from 1911 newspaper

Huntsville - United States Deputy Marshal Perry Harrison brought in last night Rev. C. Chancey, who is charged with violating the postal laws while postmaster at Dutton's store about five years ago. Chancey left soon after that and has since been in Mexico and Missouri. He is a practicing minister and was in the act of setting up a new church in South Alabama when he was apprehended by Harrison who posed as a fruit tree sales-

If con is the opposite of pro, is Congress the opposite of **Progress?**

Don Kurtzahn

man to learn his whereabouts. Chancey is about thirty five years old and has a wife and nine children. No bond has been set.

A Bad Check

from 1914 newspaper

A warrant was issued yesterday for the arrest of Oliver Innis who had been incarcerated in jail for the crime of issuing forged instruments and theft by deception.

Innis had written checks in excess of \$500.00 to local merchants, and when they proved worthless, was arrested. Innis then agreed to reimburse the merchants and a fine and court costs of \$250.00. After writing checks for the amounts, Innis was allowed to go free.

It seemed like a good resolution until the checks were presented at the bank for payment where they were declined for insufficient funds.



We Need Your Help!

Huntsville Glass Co. is compiling a history of the company since its beginnings on Washington Street in 1940. We are looking for photographs, receipts, memories, calendars, old advertisements, City Directories, phone books or anything else that might relate to Huntsville Glass Co. between 1940 and 1950.

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Election Day

by Larry Groves

Acorns were falling from the huge oak tree that once grew so majestically, so gracefully in the northwest comer of the school grounds. Clouds of autumn moved quickly across the sky that morning at recess, signaling the winds of change were in the air.

For better or for worse, the man was the former governor and that carried a lot of weight in some circles. It did on the playground, quite evident in the opinions being tossed around.

There was very little doubt he'd make a strong showing in the south. It was his base. It was his home. However, the way I saw things, I didn't think he had enough support throughout the rest of the country to win a national election. But what did I know about politics? I was only ten years old. George Wallace was running as an independent.

In a purple haze, 1968 had been a year of turbulence. It seemed as if the world was coming apart at the seams. The threads were quickly unraveling. Leaders were being gunned down in the streets. Our nation was entangled in a senseless war, with no end in sight. Demonstra-

"Always tell your wife she looks pretty even if she looks like a truck."

Marriage advice from a Madison 10 year-old

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tions, sit ins at college campuses, riots, racial strife and drugs were the norm. It was almost as if the country was trying to recover from a bad acid trip, without much success.

My fourth grade class at West Huntsville Elementary was going to remedy that situation. We were going to elect the next President of the United States.

It was a November day in the old Lowe Mill neighborhood of west Huntsville, Election Day 1968. Our school was a polling place and people had been pouring in all day. I suppose our teacher thought it would be a good lesson in civics to get the students involved.

Mrs. Marks was a transplant from Texas with a thick accent.

She wasn't making it any big secret that she'd be voting for Wallace. Of course we had Hubert Humphey and Richard Nixon to choose from too.

Humphrey was a democrat. He'd been LBJ's vice president. That didn't speak too well of the man; at least not with the majority of my fourth grade class, or even our teacher. All things considered, he was just too liberal, even though most of us didn't even know what that term meant.

Richard Nixon was virtually unknown. While most of us had been around in 1960 when he unsuccessfully ran against JFK, we were too young to remember. Besides, he was a republican and a California republican at that.





The thought of any red-blooded school-kid from Alabama voting for a California republican was unthinkable. It just wasn't gonna happen: at least for another twelve years.

These days I try never to become involved in any discussions concerning politics, religion or Alabama Crimson Tide football, but at the age of ten, I really didn't know any better. I soon found myself embroiled in a heated argument with several of my classmates. They were Wallace supporters.

"How can Wallace not win?" I remember one girl asking. "Everybody I know is voting for him."

"Everybody you know is from Alabama," I countered. "The election is nation wide." That didn't seem to matter. I was the one bucking the system and endorsing a California republican. Even Mrs. Marks said I was crazy and she wasn't even from Alabama.

I did have one person on my side though. Ray was one of the twelve or so black kids in the class. He used to pass by my house on his way to school in the mornings and we would usually walk in together. He was bucking the system too. He got his lumps for not supporting Humphrey.

The discussions ended and the voting took place. We all wrote the name of our chosen candidate on a sheet of notebook paper and passed it to the front. Of course we could have just voted with a show of hands, but then we would all have known whom everyone else had voted for. That wasn't very hard to figure out anyway.

There were no surprises and that election went pretty much the way I thought it would. Every white kid in class, except one, had voted for Wallace, and every black kid, except one had voted for Humphrey. The former governor carried the day.

Ray and I both heard a lot of gloating after the votes had been tallied, but we had the last laugh the following day. Our man was headed for The White House. We'd gone against the grain, bucked the system and chosen the new leader.

The rest was history.

Women & cats do as they please, and men & dogs should relax and get used to that idea.

- Chervl Tribble

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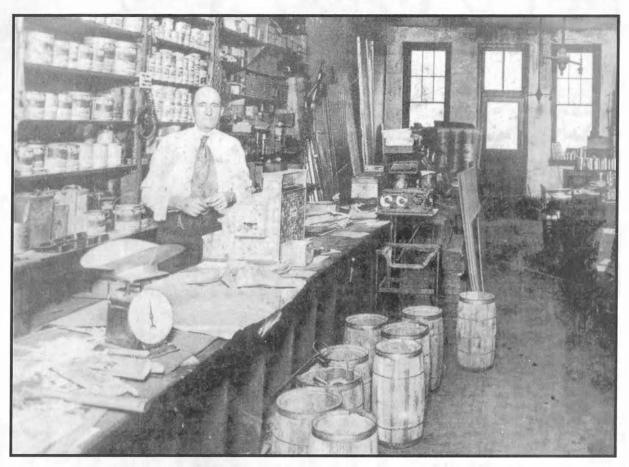
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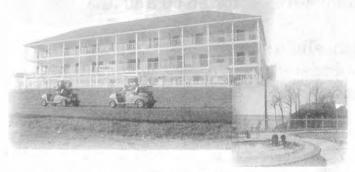


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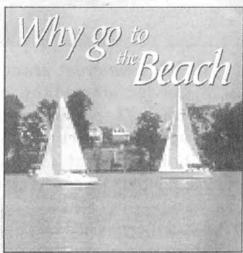
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